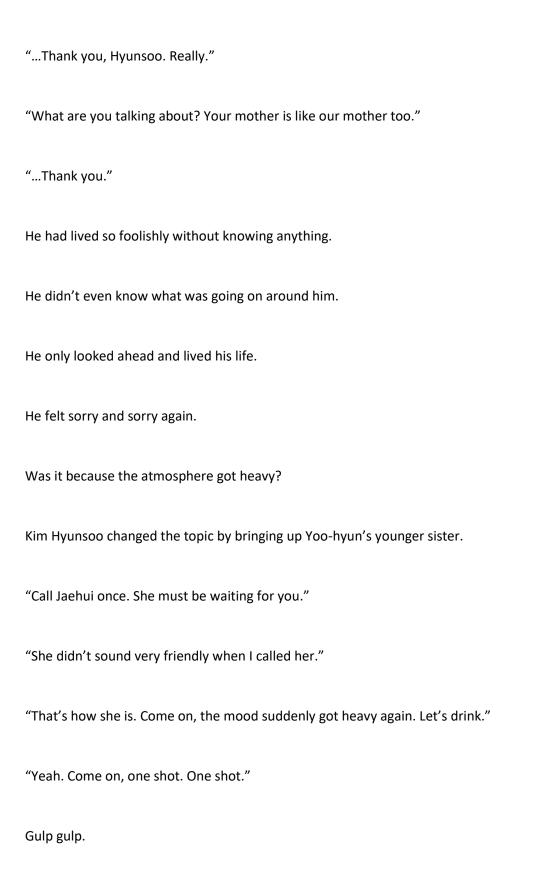
Chapter 9 He had made up his mind to live a different life, and he wanted to confirm if his choice was right. He wanted to see what kind of scenery would unfold at the end of his path. At least, it wouldn't be as empty as when he stood alone at the peak. He was about to speak after organizing his thoughts. "Hey, but Yoo-hyun, you can't drink too much. Social life is not easy at all." "Hahaha." The others laughed as Hajoonsuk, who was sitting across from him, shook his head with a playful expression. Yoo-hyun just smiled. It was funny to hear him talk about social life in front of the president of Hansung Electronics. And Hajoonsuk had quit his company in a fit of anger not long after he got a job. He said he was going to open a restaurant... Come to think of it, he couldn't go there either.

Yoo-hyun felt sorry for him and let it go with a light smile.

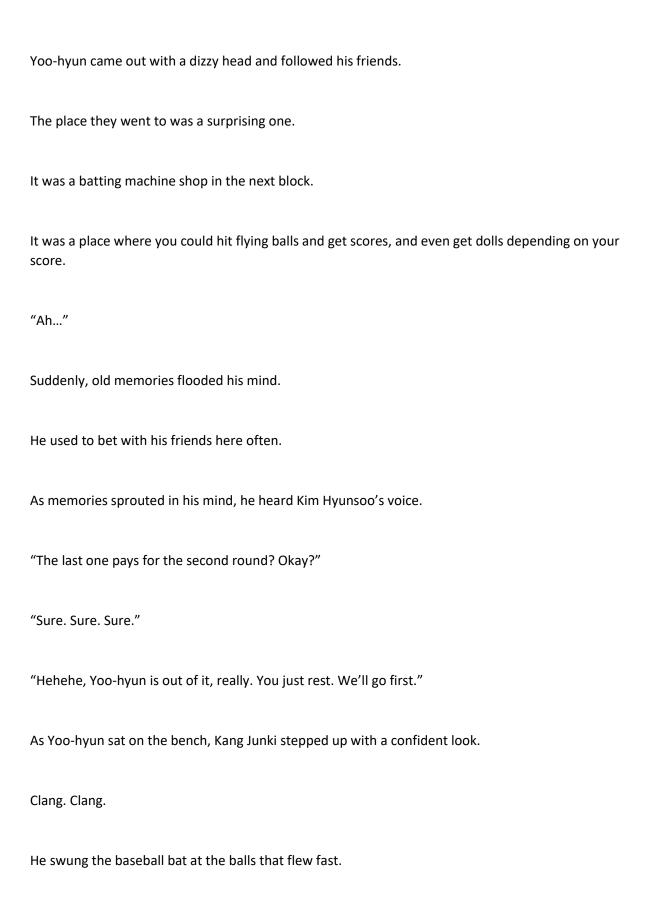
Real Man 9

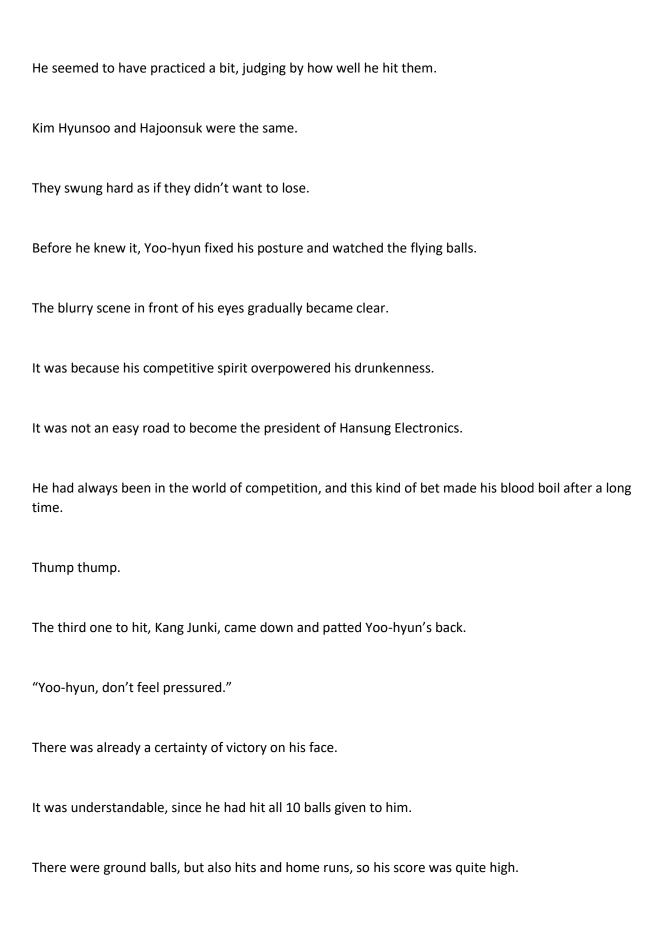


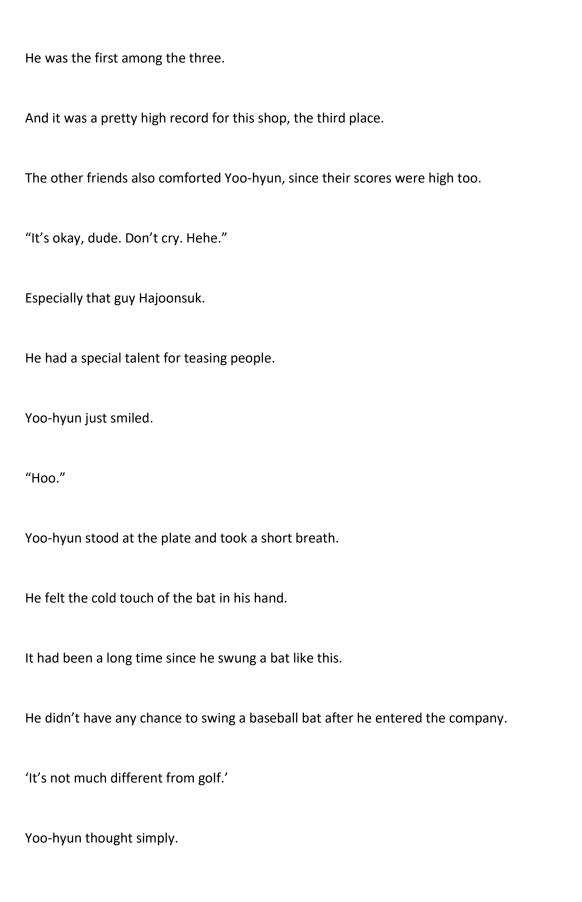
As Yoo-hyun looked at Kim Hyunsoo, Kang Junki clapped his hands as if he remembered something.
"Right. Hyunsoo, didn't you take Hyun's mother to the hospital when she collapsed?"
"Junki!"
"Ah"
Kim Hyunsoo put his index finger on his mouth and Kang Junki mumbled as if he had made a mistake.
His expression was clearly hiding something.
"What do you mean by that?"
"Ah, nothing. I just helped her by chance last year. It wasn't a big deal. She just had anemia. Junki, you're really"
Kim Hyunsoo answered Yoo-hyun's question and glared at Kang Junki again before muttering to himself.
"I told you not to tell Hyun that his mother was worried about him."
""
So that's what happened.
He owed Kim Hyunsoo a lot in many ways.
Yoo-hyun felt a lump in his chest.

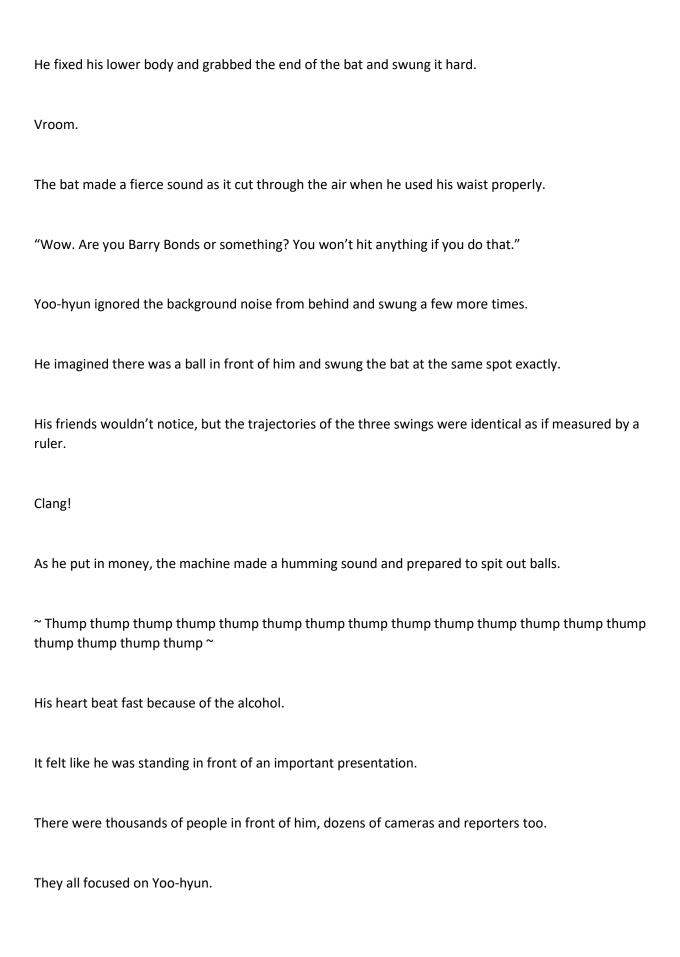






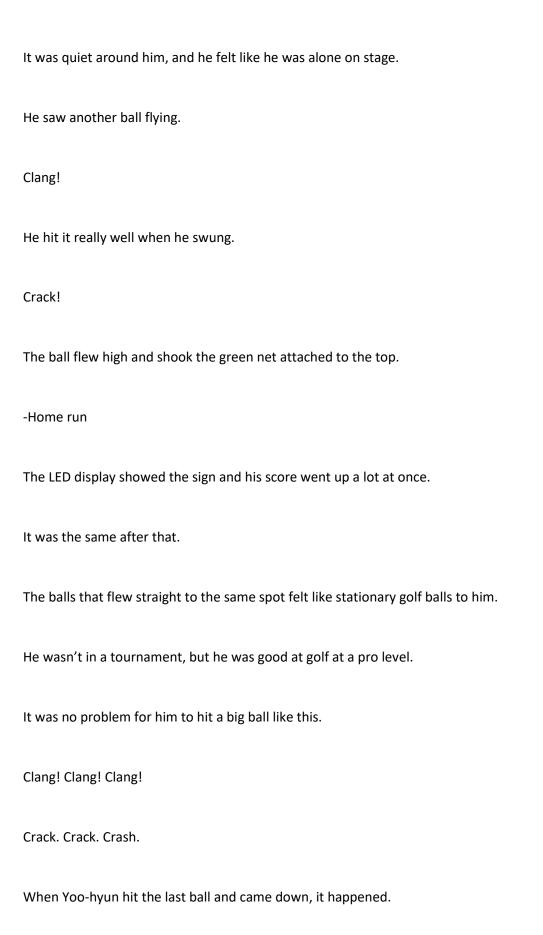




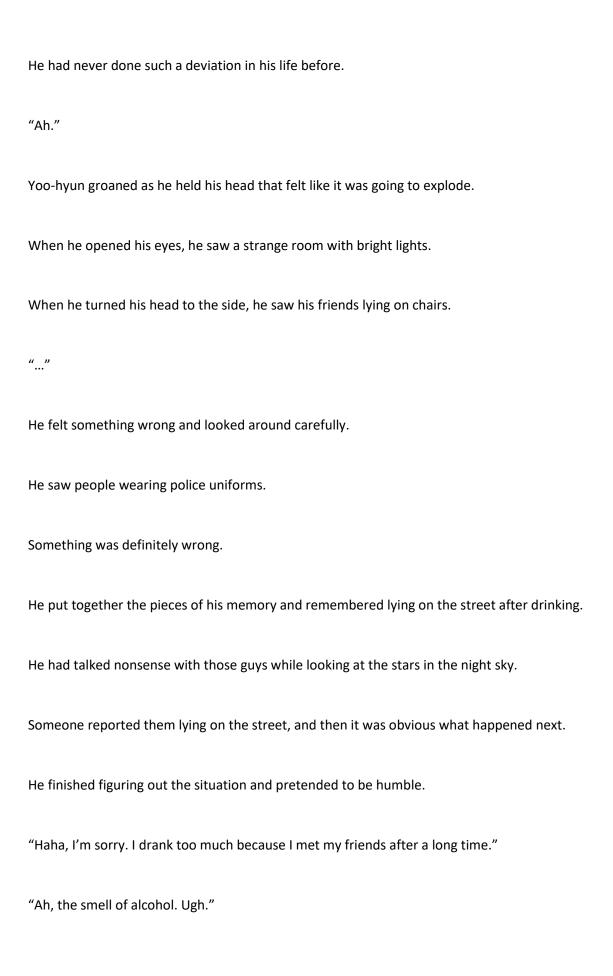


He slowly turned his head and looked at the faces of the crowd.
He felt their breathing, expressions, and hand movements one by one.
He was so sensitive that he could even catch the changing flow of air around him.
Bang!
A ball popped out.
The course was as expected, a middle course.
Now!
Tighten up!
Yoo-hyun clenched the bat and turned his waist as he had practiced before.
He swung the bat with an exaggerated form that was too much for him.
The bat slashed through the air fiercely.
At the right moment, at the right place, the bat flew out.
Clang!
But maybe because Yoo-hyun's bat was slightly higher, the ball went towards the ground.

Maybe because he hit it so hard, the ball made a loud cracking sound and rolled roughly on the floor.
"Wow, you could hit a home run with a ground ball?"
The friends behind him reacted jokingly, but Yoo-hyun was different.
He was done.
There was really a similar part to golf.
He just had to think of hitting the ball sideways instead of hitting it down from above.
The only difference was that the ball was flying, but it was no different from a stationary ball if he knew the exact position and timing of its arrival.
The first one was a trial.
'About 5 centimeters lower.'
The ball dropped that much when he drew a straight line.
It was different when he looked at it from afar and up close.
Vroom.
Yoo-hyun swung the bat once and raised his concentration.
The alcohol had worn off long ago.







The police shook their heads in dismay.
He wanted to grab the heads of his friends who were still sleeping and squeeze them hard at that moment.
Ding dong!
Yoo-hyun came out of the police station and went back in with his friends again.
He had a bottle of energy drink in his hand.
"Hey, why did you come back?"
"Please take this. I'm so sorry and thank you very much."
"What are you doing? You got scolded enough already."
"You're our lifesavers. This is not enough. Thank you so much."
As Yoo-hyun and his friends bowed politely, the police chuckled softly.
"Hehehehehe, I'm glad you think so. Thank you."